DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XLIII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914. NUMBER 44

Published every week.
$1.00, a year in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

The Signal Light.

Oft, when I feel my engine swerve,
As over stranger rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night;
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals slow;
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die,
Swift toward life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short tonight;
Only God knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white.

—*Cy Warman, in National Magazine.*

A TERRIBLE DILEMMA.

Pink Mead hadn't been living in Brooklyn very long, and he wasn't quite sure that he was at the right street as he signaled the conductor and worked his way off the crowded car.

It was one of those foggy, mysterious nights of early spring, when every bare twig drips with moisture.

As the car bowled heavily away, Pink found himself in unrecognizable surroundings. Then he thought he saw a fence he recognized and started gayly down the street toward his new boarding house, half a block away.

He hadn't taken a dozen steps, however, before he had a queer, pervading certainty that he was wrong. The fog was getting thicker every second.

He paused, then started forward again and paused again. Just then a girl's voice hailed him.

"Oh, Mr. Mead! Is that you?" it asked.

It was thrillingly sweet voice—a voice that would have appealed to Pink under any circumstances and one that no man was apt to forget.

Yet Pink was sure that this was the first time that he had ever heard it, and how had its owner known his name?

He stopped abruptly, with his hands on the fence.

Through a shallow depth of shrubbery and lawn he caught the dim outlines of a strange porch.

It was not the boarding house porch; of that he was sure, for the posts of the boarding house porch were set two by two. Nor was it the boarding house front yard.

There was a scurry of gravel, and almost before Pink had had time to affirm his identity, he was looking down into the eyes of a girl who he instantly decided was a queen.

She was small and lithe and dark, with eyes that were all the larger because of the night and the fog. She looked up into his eyes with a half smile for a second, then, suddenly startled, repeated:

"Oh, Mr. Mead, is that you?"

This time Pink didn't hesitate. He had his hat off instantly.

"That is name," he answered blithely, "and you don't know how delighted I am to meet you, Miss"—

The girl raised her chin and turned her eyes aslant as one does who listens.

"Sh"—she warned him; "not so loud!"

Again Pink experienced that creeping sensation of there being a mistake somewhere, but at the same moment the girl swept open the gate.

"Come in," she said in that thrilling voice of hers; "we're all ready for you."

"That's awfully good of you," answered Pink, hesitating; "but, you see, I'm not exactly dressed for calling. However, if you"—

The girl smiled at him and started up the path. He followed.

He had always been of a sensitive and impressionable nature, despite his young and lusty six feet, and his heart was beating fast.

It was the long deferred adventure—the romance just touched with danger—that he had dreamed about ever since he was old enough to dream at all. He braced his shoulders.

He cast a quick glance to either side and sniffed the cool fragrance of the dripping shrubbery.

"This is almost dramatic," he said as he caught up with the girl on the porch steps.

"They didn't tell me you'd be so late," she thrilled softly.

"They?" he asked, with a little laugh. "Who are these mysterious they?"

The girl looked at him with a mingling of pleasure and annoyance, then slowly smiled.

"You joke," she whispered: "for them it's tragedy."

The last word caught Pink fairly. For the fraction of a second it wilted him, and he felt an odd, trembling twitch at the base of his skull.

When he recovered himself the girl had tiptoed across the porch and opened a broad front door. He had scarcely reached her side before she switched on a dim light in the hall and left the porch in darkness.

Pink groped for words, but the girl turned with a finger on her lips. She looked so altogether frail and elfin as she stood there, that the young man felt a momentary impulse to gather her into his arms for protection. He could put up a pretty fight on her behalf, he told himself.

In spite of the strangeness of the hour and his reception, there was nothing in the appearance of the hall itself to suggest the setting of a drama.

Apart from the dim red light that glowed overhead, the place had all the appearance of the ordinary comfortable home.

To the right was a hat-rack, on which hung curiously a rather too generous supply of hats and coats. There was nothing about this raiment to indicate that their owners differed widely from Pink himself—velvet alpines, derbies and one silk hat, hanging arrogantly on the highest hook.

To the left, where he felt must be the parlor, a couple of sliding doors which were not quite closed disclosed a strip of impenetrable blackness.

In spite of himself, he stared at this fringe of mystery with a twinge of hypnotic interest, then started visibly as he caught an almost inaudible sound of movement.

It was a very little sound!

It was something as though bare feet had been shifted on carpet or garments had been displaced by an involuntary movement of the body.

He looked quickly at the girl. She seemed more beautiful than ever—dressed simply in some veil-like stuff, her long black hair crowning her small face and falling in two heavy braids to her waist.

He saw now how intent her large eyes were, and the blood rushed to his cheeks as he saw the trace of a mocking smile on her lips.

"You look as though you were frightened," she whispered so softly that he could hardly hear her. And then:

"You're perfectly free, Mr. Mead, to go or remain."

"Count on me," whispered Pink seriously. And once more there seemed to be mockery in the girl's smile.

For a moment they stood looking at each other steadily, as young people of opposite sexes are apt to do when the hour is late and hall lights are dim. Then the girl said:

"And since you are so brave, Mr. Mead, you will go upstairs and take the first room to the right. Be as silent as you can." She reflected a moment while she looked at Mead curiously and added as if by afterthought:

"Of course you'll defend yourself if—if— Good night!"

She suddenly turned and glided between the sliding doors to the left.

Scarcely pausing, he began to mount the stairs.

The first room to the right, which the girl had indicated, was apparently a small bedroom. This much he gathered as he groped about it in the darkness. He felt a chair, a bed, a dresser. He had no matches, and he passed his hand over the wall in search of the electric light switch.

He found it seemingly at last and gave it a quick pressure. Instead of the flood of light he expected, he heard a strident ring in a distant part of the house, and he desisted. Moreover, he wasn't so sure now that he wanted light.

If he was to be a target for unknown peril he didn't see why he should illuminate himself.

A shuffling step approached the door, and he caught the faint brushing sound of a hand groping for the knob.

The hand rested on the knob, there was a muttered exclamation, and the footfalls shuffled rapidly away. Pink slid over to the door and listened.

A little farther down the hall another door was opened and closed.

There followed an interval of heavy silence, then something that again set Mead's blood to leaping, but this time with a sense of outrage and shame. It was a low, chuckling laugh.

* * * * * *

When Pink Mead awoke next morning, still fully dressed and highly uncomfortable from having passed the night in a chair, he first sensed the familiar aroma of coffee and sausages. He looked about him.

The chamber where he found himself, if small, was conventional and immaculate. Glittering sunlight was streaming through the window, and as he came into full mastery of his sight he looked out upon a familiar landscape.

Thus fear and mystery had fled with the night—such things could never lurk in a room so clean and bright. Still, where was he, and how, and why? And who was the girl?

He met her in the lower hall, where he had left her the night before. She was looking more charming than ever. "We were all so frightened yesterday," she said, "when the boarding house caught fire—and right next door!"

"My boarding house?" gasped Mead.

"And I hope you won't be too uncomfortable here," the girl went on, "while they're getting things into shape again. They said that they'd telephone you. But, really, last night you acted like a man in a trance. Come in and meet my aunt, who was asleep last night when you came."

There was a chuckling laugh on the stairs behind them, and Mead turned to see a mild, thin man whom he had often encountered in the street cars. "And Mr. Johnson," the girl added, "a fellow boarder."

The Spot Down Deep.

The pair had progressed as far from the depot as the farm implement shop when Burke's tall companion interrupted his reverie caused by the sight of the old town again, the dark hour that lay upon it and the thought of the mission on which he had returned.

"I thought it was more of a place than this," the fellow slurred, "after hearing you tell about it. Why, the train hardly stopped long enough to let us off."

"They're all alike, these tank towns in the corn belt," Burke snarled, staring resentfully about him—"a green depot, a red elevator, a Main street, a church, a schoolhouse, a cemetery and a few houses. And don't let me forget—a bank!"

"At that I have an idea the place seems a little different to you from the others, Burke," the tall man went on. "Just think—this was your world all the time that you were a kid. Every one of these two-story buildings must have loomed like a skyscraper then."

"Cut the comedy, slim," Burke broke in, halting his hurried pace a bit to express himself more forcibly. "It's all familiar enough. These towns around here haven't had a new brick in them these past ten years. And the folks in them are as changeless as that statue of 'Justice' up there on top of the courthouse—unless it is that some of the kids have grown up. And if they've grown up very much they've pulled out like I did."

They had reached the center of the town—a point where the main street intersected with the street leading from the depot. "That's the joint," he said as he threw his thumb over his shoulder toward the brick building on the corner. The tall man turned to scan the tin sign, whose lettering, "Loans and Deposits," was foreshortened by the slight breeze that swayed it.

"It looks soft," he answered after a shrewd scrutiny of the surroundings, "but it's one thing to crack them these days and another thing to get away. The way we've planned, though, I can't see where there can be a leak."

"Right on this corner is where the show bands used to circle and play," explained Burke, "and from this crossing down there to the park was the distance set off for the 100-yard dashes on the Fourth of July. I won one of them once with my pants rolled up and wearing a pair of white wool socks. They said I was over the age fixed and wouldn't give me the money."

At Burke's initiative the two started on down the street.

"Here's the hotel," he went on in the tone of a guide. "It's where you'll stop. You can look the part of a Chicago drummer all right."

"I suppose there's something in coming back like this that kind of touches a spot down deep" suggested the stranger companion as the two passed the point where the stores left off and the homes began, "even though a fellow's been in the game you have and have come back for what you've come back to do. I know"—

"Spot nothing!" Burke cut in disgustedly. "When we take the 'bumpers' to morrow morning at this time on that train that just pulled out, this town 'll be entirely off the map so far as I am concerned. It's been out of my mind for years as it is. I came back because I knew there was a soft job here, that was all. There's the folks' place, halfway down the block there, where you see the big maple—looks as if it was about ready to tumble over. I'll meet you in the alley there just after dark to-night. You find out what you're supposed to and count on me. So long."

It had been a long time since Burke had tried the door at home in the early morning hours, but he found no lock to prevent his entrance. And he had increased his ability at steadfastness in the years that he had been gone, so that he was easily able to make his room upstairs without being heard.

It was as if he had been gone but a day—the smoky kerosene lamp on the bureau, the varicolored quilt on the sagging bed. Once, on being half aroused, he excepted to hear the rattle of trucks and the yell of a newsboy, but, instead, there came only the crow of a rooster welcoming the dawn.

He surprised his mother when she was at the task of getting dinner, as he stalked half dressed through the kitchen on the way to the sink.

"There, now, can't a fellow come home once in awhile without there being a fuss?" he complained as the woman gave a little startled cry and rushed to him. "Where's pa?" he inquired, forcing the arms away from about his shoulders. "Im glad it's nearly dinner time—I'm hungry."

"I wasn't counting on you," his mother answered apologetically, wiping the tears from her eyes and starting for the pantry. Burke noticed that she limped in her walk. She had aged, his mother had.

The door she opened gave a glimpse of the queer shaped and colored dishes, such as he had never seen except at home. They were accompanied by an odor that had been peculiar to them too. His mother came back with one of the biggest jars from the row on the shelf—currant jelly.

Burke was wiping his face on the red-bordered towel when his father came in. The old man had his rake in his hand and slowly removed his slouch black hat before he spoke.

"Well," he said, "you've come home."

The removal of the hat showed how white his hair had become, and his face was like it in spite of its contact with sun and wind. He came over to wash his gnarled hands in the same basin with his son.

"I've the garden nearly all in again," he continued finally. "I'm going to put in onions again this year. They take lots of work, but if the season turns out just right they bring more than other stuff."

Burke noticed that the table had been shortened up until the checkered cloth touched the floor on all sides, but the dishes were the same, the food cocked the same.

"How long you going to stay?" the father inquired at length, pouring his coffee into a saucer.

"Oh, I only 'll be here a day or two," answered Burke. "It's pretty dead here after one is used to Chicago."

"Just a day?" his mother fluttered.

"Still traveling for that Chicago house?" the father interrupted to inquire, eyeing his son as he cooled the coffee at his lips. "Times ain't been so very good out here."

"I'm still with them," sparred Burke. "It's been a little dull with us, too, lately, but"—he faltered for an instant—"we're expecting quite a big piece of business out this way soon."

"The plaster on the wall back of you's all healed up now. Do you noticed it?" the father went on, pointing to Burke to turn around. "You three boys used to lean back so much when you sat together there on the bench that it was always broke off. There wasn't much use fixing it."

The mother entirely ceased with her pretension at eating and nervously fingered the tablecloth.

"Sometimes," she interposed in an effort to appear unaffected by the reference just made—"sometimes your father goes to the hall door and calls to you all upstairs just as you were all here yet. He calls each of you separate by name. 'It's time for school'"

Her attempted laugh with the words fell lame, and to keep brave she started in to clear off the dishes.

Burke sought the lounge in the sitting room, the springs of which had been ruined by his acrobatic stunts years before. He could close his eyes and see every unchanged object in the room—the cheap organ, at which his sister had spent many weary hours in practice; the enlarged crayon portrait of his little brother, who had been taken by diphtheria at the time of their quarantine during the awful cold spell, and his father's war relics and encampment badges.

He had planned to get plenty of sleep, but he was surprised to find it dark when he awoke. The lamp in the kitchen was already lighted, and a dog was barking outside. Rubbing his eyes, Burke avoided his mother, busy in the pantry, and found his way into the back yard. He had not counted on the apple tree spreading its branches, but he refrained from cursing when it brushed his face in the path. At the alley he found his partner pacing in impatience.

"It's a fine time to be coming," the waiting man complained sarcastically. "I've been waiting half an hour. what was the matter?"

"I fell asleep," explained Burke, "But I'm awake now—clear awake." He paused a moment before going on. "I'm not in on the deal," he thrust decisively.

His companion's chagrin and surprise could not be concealed even by the darkness. For a moment they stood, two shadowy forms studying each other.

"Now, there's no argument," snapped Burke. "I'm not only not going to pull off this job, but I'm out of the game altogether. I'll shake hands 'goodby' if you want to. I suppose you are disappointed."

Burke caught the tall man's mumbled reply as he started back for the house.

"Disappointed!" he echoed. "I think the agency will be somewhat—after my using up two months' expense money in trying to get evidence on you that would stick."

The Seven Bibles.

The Seven Bibles of the World are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of these seven Bibles, and is not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were published in the fourteenth century. The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, and their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in our Bible.

THE WORLD'S TIME

Two hundred and thirty-nine years ago the foundations were laid for the Greenwich Observatory which gives the world its standard time. A year later it was completed and approved by King Charles II. Its erection marked a new epoch in the world's navigation. Before its establishment the navigator's voyage was a haphazard and exceedingly dangerous undertaking. The astronomical tables by which the navigator figured his position in mid-ocean were so erratic at that time that a ship headed for the Virginia Colony in the New World was just as liable to land on the coast of New England. There was no universally accepted first meridian of longitude, by which the navigator could sail his course accurately, until the early explorers adopted their own. The Latin navigators used the peak of Teneriff in the Canary Islands, until Richelieu called a scientific congress in Paris, in 1630, which decided upon the island of Ferro as the first meridian. This island was the guiding mark of the Latin races for many generations. The English-speaking races established Greenwich time and meridian. One of the first acts of the royal astronomer was to compile all the known statistics relating to astronomy and to work out a reliable table for mariners. Then it began to set the clocks of England and the United States.

To day all the clocks of the important countries of the world are ticking in accordance to their distance from the Greenwich observatory. All the world's navigators are sailing or steaming over the seven seas on courses laid by Greenwhich observatory. The people in the United States are rising from their beds, opening the day's business, and eating their meals according to the regulations laid down by the British astronomers of King Charles' reign. The world is marked off into zones, each one of occupies fifteen degrees of longitude and is numbered according to its position in relation to Greenwich. In the United States four of these zones exist, the country having a breadth of fifty-five degrees. All the clocks in a zone register the same hour according to a regulation adopted in 1883. This regulation was promulgated to overcome the twenty-one different sets of time prevailing in the country theretofore. To-day another mighty evolution in navigation and the universal time system is in progress. It is proposed to use the wireless telegraph to verify time. It is suggested that the United States Naval Obervatory flash its signals of the hour to ships at sea, so that the navigator can accurately determine his distance from land by setting his chronometer. Another scientist suggests that the government radio station at Arlington flash its signals to Eiffel in Paris, that Europe and America can set their clocks accurately.—*Exchange.*

Activities of Women.

Women are forbidden to enter the town of Miawatchi, Russia.

Queen Alexandra is President of the British Red Cross Society.

In Japan girls can attend the very best of schools for $60 a year.

England has several nursery colleges, presided over by trained women.

Two daughters of General Tomiovsky, a commander in the Russian army, have gained permission to wear the uniform of a regular soldier and will go to the front with the regular troops.

In Servia, when a lover has made up his mind that the girl is ready to marry him, he and his friends arm themselves with rifles, go up to the girl's house, seize and carry her off to a church and get married on the spot.

The New York public library employs a woman whose sole duty is to guard and look over the rare old editions in order to ward off the book worms and other insects which infest libraries.

"Would you forgive me if I kissed you?"

"How can I tell beforehand?"—*Judge.*

ALTOONA, PA.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Chathams, 1515 Twenty-first Avenue, entertained about forty of their relatives and deaf-mutes, many of whom included hearing people and deaf of Altoona, Tyrone and Johnstown, Pa., at their home on June 22d, 1914, in the evening, in honor of their tenth wedding anniversary. Japanese lanterns were hung about the lawn, and the guests enjoyed themselves in social conversation and other amusements.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Chathams were the recipients of many beautiful gifts of aluminum and tin utensils. They were all photographed by flashlight in the yard, then refreshments of ice-cream, cakes and fruit were served. They were married June 15, 1904, at the home of Mrs. George Chathams' parents, Elderton, Armstrong County. They postponed the right date, June 22d, because of their wish to wait until after their deaf daughter, Iva, came home from the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, where she attended. The school was closed in June. Mr. Chathams is employed in the Fourth Street blacksmith shop on the P. R. R. Company, and is widely known throughout Altoona.

Eight deaf men of the Altoona employes at shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Mr. Jacob Otto, who is a well-known blacksmith, has been on the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for forty-four years.

Some deaf men employes at the Rake Mills, in Johnstown, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs Geo. E. Chathams, of 1515 21st Avenue, are home after having enjoyed a delightful visit with their brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Clarke, of Johnstown. The former deaf-mute first attended the school at Broad and Pine Streets, Philadelphia.

It is dull at Mr. Geo. C. Saunders' barber shop in Gallitzin. He is a deaf-mute.

Mrs. Mary Robb, deaf-mute widow of Milton Robb, formerly of Philadelphia School, has been working for aloug time for Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Chathams. Mrs. Charles Chathams is not able to attend to work herself, although her health has been fair since last summer.

Some of us of Altoona collected thirty-six dollars and forty cents for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf last May. Mr. Geo. E. Chathams handed the amount to Miss Euna Boyd, of Pittsburg, treasurer of P. S. A. D., at the last convention. It was collected through the lecture given by Mr. Collins Sawhill, of Braddock, who is well known to everybody.

Mrs. Geo. E. Chathams, of Altoona, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Barker, of Johnstown, and Mr. Raymond Callaghan, of South Fork, Pa., were visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Saunders, in Galliztin, Pa., last Sunday.

It is characteristic of the deaf to be independent, and if you give a deaf man even half a chance, he will take care of himself, says the Virginia *Guide*. Taken as a class, the deaf are as courageous in their efforts, as faithful in service and as square in their dealings as any people in the world. This is due in great measure to the training they receive in the schools provided for them, and the money spent in establishing and supporting these schools is among the very best investments that a State can make.

CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street.—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sundays of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of

REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1914.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Ave.) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year - - $1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M. New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE American Flag fluttering feebly at half-mast from the tall flagstaff at the main entrance gate of the New York Institution, proclaimed the sad tidings that some one connected with the Institution had crossed over into the unknown land.

Mr. John Vodny Miller, in the service of the Institution as accountant for almost twenty years, on Thursday evening, October 22d, finished his day's work, retired to his room, and shortly before ten o'clock he had passed away.

The JOURNAL editor first met Mr. Miller some thirty-five years ago, when he had charge of the subscription department of the New York *Observer*. He was then in the full strength of youthful manhood, and his kindly smile and courteous attention begot an impression of gentlemanly friendliness that time has not effaced. He was obsessed with the importance of accuracy—not alone in connection with the digits and their additions and multiples, but also in knowledge of things and precision of verbal statement. To him every trifle was of some relative importance, and in his later years nothing exasperated him more than error. To attempt to fasten a mistake upon him was both unthinkable and preposterous and was sure to arouse an ire so intense that he was absolutely incapable of giving it expression.

Mr. Miller, throughout all the years we have known him, was a seeker after knowledge. He was well-read and up-to-date in matters that concern the world's progress. The secular and religious phases of life alike appealed to him. He treasured and remembered what was worthy and discarded the frivolous and unimportant—in other words, he had a knack of separating the wheat from the chaff. While his disposition was amiable and his attitude towards others was friendly, he had no companions. Gentle and dignified, he walked alone. And even death, me feel assured, did not find him unprepared.

His life on this earth reached the advanced age of seventy-four years, when he joined with the innumerable caravan of young and old, joyous and sorrow-laden, that moves unceasingly to that earthly oblivion which is the inevitable fate of all.

Robert Louis Stevenson tells in one of his books how the deified Caligula enticed a vast concourse of holiday makers upon a bridge above Baiæ Bay, then let loose the Prætorian Guards among them and every one was cast into the sea. Some reached safety by swimming, but nearly all were drowned. And, whether in youth or old age, into the waters which no swimmer may cross, the pale Prætorian throws us in the end.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President	*Secretary*	*Treasurer*
Jay C. Howard, Minn	A. L. Roberts, Kan.	Harley D. Drake, Washington, D. C.

Vice-Presidents,

A. B. Greener, Ohio. — Walter Glover, S. C.
Mrs. A. Lashbrook, N. Y. — W. L. Waters, Cal.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:
Jay C. Howard, Minnesota.
Ex-Officio Chairman

Phillip L. Axling, of Seattle, Wash.
Owen G. Carrell, of Austin, Texas
Samuel Frankenheim, of New York.
Shelby W. Harris, of Jackson, Miss.
Arthur L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kansas.
John O'Rourke, of Haverhill, Mass.
Robert S. Taylor, of Mount Olive N. C.
Leo C. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal.

[OFFICIAL.]

N. A. D. MOVING PICTURE FILMS.

The following films are ready for exhibition purposes:—

1. The Lorna Doone Country of Devonshire, England. By Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. It is 1075 feet long and was made in Washington, D. C., in 1910.
2. Presentation Week at Gallaudet College, showing panorama of Gallaudet College, Presentation Day, and Class Day. Length 460 feet and was made in May, 1911.
3. Extracts from addresses by Mr. R. P. MacGregor, including: "The Irishman and the Flea" and "The Queen and the Cake." Length 200 feet and was made in Chicago in December, 1912.
4. Emperor Dom Pedro's visit to Gallaudet College. By Dr. Edward Allen Fay. Length 1,000 feet. Made in Washington, D. C., in June, 1913.
5. The Universal Brotherhood of Man and Fatherhood of God. A lay-sermon by Mr. R. P. MacGregor. Made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913. Length 1,000 feet.
6. Memories of Old Hartford. By Dr. John B. Hotchkiss. Length about 1,100 feet and made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913.
7. The Escape of Abbe Sicard. By Dr. James L. Smith. Length 415 feet. Made in Chicago, in July, 1913.
8. The Preservation of the Sign Language. By George William Veditz. This was taken at the Cleveland Convention of the N. A. D., in August, 1913, and is about 1,000 feet long.
9. A Memorial Address at the tomb of Garfield. By Mr. Willis Hubbard. This film shows a good view of the tomb with several hundred delgates to the Cleveland Convention in the foreground. Length about 800 feet. Made in August, 1912.
10. The Death of Minnehaha. By Mrs. Mary Williamson Erd. Introduction by Mr. Jay C. Howard. Length 1,050 feet. This film was made during the Cleveland Convention. The photographing wasdone on the estate of Mr. John D. Rockefeller by special permissi of Mr. Rockefeller.
11. A Plea for a Statue of De l'Epee in America. By Rev. Mr. Cloud and Father McCarthy. This film was also made in Cleveland during the N. A. D. convention. 400 feet long.
12. Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, at Staunton, Va., in July, 1914. This film shows a group picture of the delegates, also thirty-three superintendents of State schools for the Deaf, taken in small groups. It is about 400 feet long and very interesting.
13. Signs and Signs. By Dr. J. S. Long. Length 400 feet. This film was made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1914.
14. The Lord's Prayer. By Rev. Mr. Flick. Length about 60 feet. Made in Chicago.

Other films are being planned. Suggestious concerning whom to select as lecturers, and any suggestions pertaining to the management of the films, will be gladly received.

I shall be pleased to correspond with and give what help I can to persons desiring to use the films. Our films have been shown in different sections of the country and always with pleasure and profit to those who have seen them.

In order to pay running expenses and keep the films in repair, a charge for the use of the films is made. The terms are $5.00 for use of 4000 feet of film for one exhibition and express charges both ways.

Send communications to

ROY J. STEWART,
1008 Park Road, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Lutheran Mission

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the deaf. Services in the sign-language in the church, 426 Broome Street, every Sunday at 3 P.M.

ARTHUR BOLL, *Pastor.*

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

On Suuday, October 18th, the usual afternoon services were dispensed with in favor of a Sunday School Concert. The subject under discussion, "War and Christianity," was most appropriate and timely, and the dissertations delivered upon the manifold phases of the theme by the various speakers were both original and interesting. Appended is the program:

Causes of War.....Mr. Gilbert, '18.

Christian Teaching in Regard to War and its Causes.....Mr. Frank Thompson, '16

Why the Nations Now at War are Explaining How the War was Caused.....Misses Fowler and Clark, '16

Does Making War more Destructive Tend to Prevent War?.....Mr. Schmidt, '17

Has Christianity Lessened the Probability of War or the Horrors of War?.....Mr. McInturff, '17

Russian Peace Service—the Effect of Such a Service on a Nation's Attitude Toward War.....Misses Cowan, Harper, Mokko and L. Watts, '18

Our Duty as a Christian Nation at the Present Time.....Miss Burt, '15

The Gallaudet College Literary Society held its first Literary Meeting for the Collegiate year, on Friday evening, October 23d. The following programme was presented to an appreciative audience of students and Co-Eds.

LECTURE—"Causes of the Present War," Mr. Pfunder.

DEBATE—Resolved, That Germany was justified in making war. Affirmative, Mr. McInturff, '17, Mr. R. Wenger, '18. Negative, Mr. Schmidt, 17, Mr. A. Wenger, '18.

READING—"The Silence of the Maharajah," Mr. Edington, '15.

DECLAMATION—Ballads, "The Brown Girl" and "Loving Nancy," Mr. Martin, '16

CRITIC'S REPORT—Mr. Decker, '15.

The above program was well up to "Past Performances." The lucidity and smoothness of the various participants, and particularly of the debaters, demonstrated conclusively that they had spent time in preparation and knew whereof they spoke. Mr. Pfunder's signs were very emphatic and forceful, and the same may be said of the other speakers. The customary touch of humor was infused into the program by Mr. Martin's declamation, which was so exhiliaratingly funny, that it completely convulsed the audience and forced the Co-Eds to resort to their handkerchiefs for several moments.

Mr. Decker, '15, in the capacity of critic, delivered an extremely orginal, and, we may say edifying discourse. His criticisms sparkled with cleverness and dry humor, and his parting shot:

A 'Lit. So.' means a LITERARY SOCIETY, not a *Little Social*," was a timely thrust at certain members who attend the meetings for the pleasure they derive from the Co-Eds' society, rather than from any desire to improve their gray matter.

The "Class Photos" Selections were run off with precision and unction on Friday afternoon, October 23d. The main events were the photos of the five classes and of the student body. The day was ideal, and unless some benighted "rai" fidgeted around at the crucial moment, some fine pictures should result.

After the class photographs were indented in imperishable (?) glass, "Dr." Hempel, '18, with amazing condescension, consented to take the "pitchers" of the Freshman Co-Eds (or is it Fresh Co Eds?). He failed, however, to reckon with his host, or rather, the *genus homo*, and when those versatile creatures crowded around the camera and commenced to cast soulful eyes at his models, he became so flustered that the result of his labors was one grand, beautiful blurr.

Owing to the fact that we failed to mention their names in our first contribution to the JOURNAL, the Misses McKee and Dougherty, Normals, are threatening to resort to militant methods. 'Ave a 'eart, ladies, we did our "bestest."

Lest we forget, we also mention the names of Mr. Classen,'16, Mr. Harms,'18, and Miss Wallace, P. C., who were not here when the list of students was made up.

The other day, a Miss '17 (we dassn't give her name, you know) said she could smell a brown odor. Of course we were always wise to the fact that those Co-Eds were wonders as far as concerns the masculine heart, but we never imagined they were possessed of such acute —er, noses.

Foltz, '15, is hanging around our sanctum, reading this manuscript as fast as it comes off the pen, so we haven't got the nerve to write anything about those awful ties he's wearing this year. But wait!

FOOT-BALL

The Wednesday game with Central High School bids fair to become a regular custom. On Wednesday, October 21st, the High School boys came out for another practice game, but the varsity has found them such an easy prey, that for the sake of variety, Coach Crafts sent in the second team. Using the trick plays of the varsity, the second string men experienced such light opposition that they were able to break through the School Boys' line at almost any point they cared to, and at the end of four short periods, had rolled up a total of forty-nine points to their opponents' three.

GALLAUDET, 93. ROCK HILL COLLEGE 6.

In the first battle on home soil, and under the eyes of their fair ladies and enthusiastic fellow-students, the Varsity tore into the Rock Hill Eleven, like a German siege-gun, and battered their defenses to a frazzle. The march of the Kendall Greeners down the field was as resistless as a tidal wave, and when they once got the ball into their possession, they were never headed off. On the average, but two formations were required to push the ball over the line. Altogether, Gallaudet made fourteen touch downs, while their opponents deemed themselves fortunate to secure one lonesome tally.

The Kendall Greeners started off in a scrappy and aggressive manner, and thirty seconds had not passed away before they had carried the ball within striking distance of their opponents' goal line. Here Moore was jammed through for the first score. From then on the game was a marathon, with the Buff and Blue battlers doing most of the running.

Gallaudet found Rock Hill's line so soft during the first two quarters that at the opening of the third session, Coach Crafts made many substitutions, and so weakened the team that the battle became a more even one, but still the score kept mounting higher. If all the regulars had played through the game, no one can tell just how high the score would have been.

At the opening of the fourth quarter, the first string men who had been resting during the third period returned to the fray. The score was then well over the sixty mark, and the Buff and Blue warriors started in with the determination of raising it over the century mark. In the twelve minutes of play which remained, they made four touch downs and were pushing the ball down towards Rock Hill's goal line when the whistle blew.

Rock Hill secured its only score during the third period, when it sprang an old fashioned wedge-play which caught the substitutes asleep, and a goal was scored before they woke up. Rock Hill's try for goal failed, however, and their touch-down netted them but six points. After that, they never got within forty yards of Gallaudet's goal-line.

It is but just to say that the Marylanders fought gamely from the first toot of the whistle to the last. They came to Washington, resigned to their fate, but put up as plucky a fight as it has ever been the fortune of the writer to witness. They lost because they were outclassed and out played.

Gallaudet played a wide-open, offensive game throughout the contest, while Rock Hill placed its main reliance on close formations and wedge-plays. Time and again, the Buff and Blue men circled their ends for long gains, Marshall and Rockwell starring in this phase of the game. Gallaudet tried but two forward passes during the whole game, finding it easy to get their distance by line plays, while Rock Hill pulled off fifteen or twenty, most of which failed.

GALLAUDET	POS.	ROCK HILL
Foltz	L.E.	Barrells
Davis	L.T.	Rest
Martin	L.G.	Russell
Decker	C.	Higgins
Butterbaugh	R.G.	Hessian
Cuscaden	R.T.	Bolewicki
Marshall	R.E.	Weatherley
Moore	Q.B.	M. Collins
Rendall	L.H.B.	Schmidger
Rockwell	R.H.B.	Clume
Jacobson	F.B.	C. Collins

SUMMARY.

Touchdowns—Rockwell, 3; Moore, 2; Rendall, Marshall, 2; Foltz, 2; Peard, Edington, Jacobson. Andrewjeski, Clume. Goal from touchdown—Moore, Cuscaden, 9. Substitutions for Gallaudet—Andrewjeski for Rockwell, Rockwell for Moore, Moore for Andrewjeski, Edington for Marshall, C. Thompson for Butterbaugh, Andrewjeski for Rendall, Classen for Jacobson, Treuke for Foltz, Peard for Rockwell, Rockwell for Moore, Marshall for Treuke, Jacobson for Classen, Rendall for Andrewjeski, Mercer for Schmidger. Referee—Mr. Goss of Lehigh. Umpire—Mr. Daniels of George Washington. Headlinesman—Mr. Morris of the Maryland Aggies Assistant-linesmen—Mr. Callahan of Hill and Mr. Hopkins of Harvard. Time of quarters—Two of fifteen minutes and two of twelve minutes.

M.

Southern Dioceses.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, *General Missionary.* W. 1436 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.

Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:15 P.M.

Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Holy Trinity, 3d and C. Streets, N. W. Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay-reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M.

Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Bible Class meetings, every Sunday, 9:30 A.M., Miss Robina Tillinghast, Parish Visitor. Services, every Sunday, 3 P.M. Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-Reader.

New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Gainne Streets, Rev. H. L. Tracy, Assistant. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

A Jewish farmer in Alberta, Canada, has prepared a message for a famous visitor containing 300 Jewish characters, all engraved on a grain of wheat. The message is easily understood, but can be read only with the aid of a microscope.

DETROIT.

News Items for this column should be sent to C. C. Colby, 188 Lafayette Boulevard West, Detroit, Mich.

The Detroit Division, No. 2, had a gathering on Saturday evening, October 24th, to combat the proposed constitutional amendment, relating to fraternal societies of Michigan, at the polls, November 3d. Peter Hellers was the chairman. The first speaker was Judge Hanley who is a candidate for re-election as Judge of Probate. Owing to the tardiness of the interpreter, Judge Hanley, was obliged to cut his address to about two minutes. Mr. Gitchell, who is slightly deaf, interpreting.

Justice Edward Command, who is also a candidate for the same office on another ticket, was the next speaker. The clipping from the Detroit *Free Press* is as follows:—

What possibilities of expression are open to enthusiasm with the medium of sound excluded were revealed in one of the most unique political meetings ever held in Detroit, in Bamlet Hall, Saturday night.

Seventy-five deaf-mutes, of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, voters of Detroit, gathered in a hall, the walls of which were decorated with lithographs of candidates for many offices.

As Justice Edward Command, Republican candidate for judge of probate, walked into this gathering, he was somewhat nonplussed by the dead silence.

Command looked around the room and seeing a card bearing his likeness, pointed at the picture and the line underneath announcing the office to which he aspired. There was an immediate response in the way of clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

Then, for the next fifteen minutes, the justice watched anxiously the fingers of an interpreter, who could speak and hear slightly but who was eloquent in the language of the fingers. By the heroic idioms silently expressed when the speaker slapped himself on the chest, patted the candidate's shoulders or waved an arm at the star spangled banner, Command, while not fearing that he was being misquoted, showed that the interpreter was using some of the embellishments which go to make up the art of the spellbinder.

After the departure of Justice Command, Mr. McAlvin Boylan showed up with his father and it gladdened the audience, for Mr. Boylan is an expert sign-maker, as he was once a teacher in Michigan and Mississippi schools. The two rival candidates for mayor met in the hall by chance, to the much merriment to the crowd. Mayor Marx, candidate for re-election for mayor, was waiting outside until his opposing man was through with his address.

Mayor Marx heard all what the speaker (who did not know that the mayor was standing outside) saying that Mr. Marx has broken many promises since he has been mayor, etc. As soon as the speaker left the platform, the mayor, at once, took the floor. Much applause and laughter. The mayor had a chance to reply to the address. A ten cent cigar was passed to each in the gathering. Everybody enjoyed the odd meeting so much.

Messrs. Heliers, Cornish, Termaine, Hansz, Stark, Bourlier, Schneider, Webber and Colby, gave short talks relating to the amendment, muncipal ownership and labor employment.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. H. Boylan have sold their residence at Ann Arbor and moved to Detroit, to live with their only son, who is a letter-carrier.

Mrs C. C. Colby and daughter, Miss Violet Colby, spent Saturday and Sunday visiting uncle and aunt at Wayne.

C. C. C.

Public Health.

Diseases and epidemics used to be counted as "acts of God" in the old legal phrase. It has taken modern sanitary science to discover that most of them result from acts of man and that a good portion of the rest may be controlled by the exercise of man's power over nature. The United States government has been a pioneer among the nations in demoustrating the power of modern sanitation to save life. It sent Waring to Havana He made it a city of health and laid down his life in so doing It took a fever-smitten tropic wilderness, its noxious jungles steaming under a torrid sun, and the death rate of the Panama canal zone is to-day an example of the most salubrious regions of theworld. The whole history of modern sanitation tends to drive home public responsibility for public health.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Baptist Minister to the Deaf

Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

REV. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M.A.
Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL.

The minister makes a specialty of Reading and Lectures for Social organizations. Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere in above States.

Address: Keedyville, Md.

Saved By Dead Men.

I went to sea in a sail ship when I was fourteen years old, and at twenty-two commanded a vessel. I sailed in southern waters and in northern waters, and I couldn't tell you which I disliked more—those of the far north or those on the equator, where the sun blazes down, there being no way of getting away from the heat. Sometimes up north, with the themometer sixty degrees below zero, and the wind blowing a gale, a man could warm up a bit by getting into a sleeping bag, but on the equator, where the temperature was hanging about 120 day after day, he couldn't cool off a bit.

When I commanded the pelican I struck the island of Borneo in July, when the weather was so hot that the men couldn't stand it. Some deserted, some died, for we had a lot of sickness as well as hot weather, and I found myself left with a quarter of a crew. I was obliged to pick up a few natives in Borneo, got a few more men at Ceylon, another lot at Bombay, and so on, working westward, taking on a worse lot at every port. By the time I reached the Suez Canal I had a crew, 25 per cent of whom were respectable seamen, and 75 per cent desperadoes. Of the 75 per cent, half had Asiatic blood in their veins.

It was on a long cruise around the world, trading from port to port, and on entering the Mediterranean my course was Gibraltar, through the strait, then northward to Rotterdam, up the west coast of Norway, thence through the Dover strait and down the Atlantic to Boston. I should never have ventured to carry out such a course with such a crew. Most of my men came from the tropics, and were hard enough to control even in a temperature to which they were used. To take them into the Norwegian sea in the midst of ice fields was little short of madness.

There was trouble continually during our passage over the Mediterranean, which required all the management of which I and my first and second officers were capable. But we were near land all the while, where we could reach marine courts, and the crew realized that any overt act of mutiny might be punished. In moving up the coasts of Spain, France and Holland, the temperature was falling right along, and when any duty was to be performed, most of the men had to be driven out of their bunks, where they were endeavoring to keep warm, to do it. By the time we reached the Norwegian coast, it was almost impossible to get them to do any duty.

On reaching Christiansand my men became so unmanageable that I decided to go no farther northward. Sailing due west, I proposed to work southward along the east coast of Scotland A gale arose, and the temperature fell to a point which the men could not be made to face aloft, or in some cases on deck. We were driven between the Shetland islands and the Hebrides and thence toward the west coast of Ireland.

Fancy three officers of a vessel in such a region with such a crew! I being the master, the chief responsibility devolved upon me, but as our lives were at stake I do not doubt that my officers felt the situation as keenly as I. My two mates and four of the original crew worked the ship under my direction. I offered to serve with them, but they insisted on my remaining their commander.

It would not have been difficult for this diminutive crew to navigate the ship in a temperate climate and fair weather, but the decks and the rigging were covered with ice, and most of the time the weather was stormy. Some of our sails were blown away, and those that were not, we managed to furl, except the jibs, which we kept out for steerage way. With these few sails to handle, our little crew were enabled to get on.

I kept the ship headed southward till at last we reached a zone where the temperature was not so low and the weather was fair. I hoped the men would return to duty, but they did not.

They understood that they were in the position of mutineers and in case I could get them into a civilized port they would be hanged. So when the temperature and the weather were improved, instead of the men being improved also, they gained the will power for a desperate manoeuver. One of their number, a Malay, who knew something about navigation, told them that if they would seize the ship, he would take them to the coast of Ireland, where they could abandon her and thus save their lives. This seemed to them to be their only chance, and they agreed to adopt it.

We were several hundred miles south of Greenland, when the mutineers came to this decision. They kept it secret from those of the original crew who had stood by their duty, but their secret was suspected from observation of their actions. When a crew known to be mutinous are seen putting their heads together, it is evident that they are concocting some stroke. One of our active crew, who had sailed a great deal in eastern waters, and had a smattering of several languages spoken there, made an eavesdropper who gathered enough from their talk to get their plan. He came with it straight to me.

There were some twenty cutthroats among the crew, against whom we could oppose only myself, my two officers and four men—in other words, seven against twenty. The mutineers' plan was to kill all those who were not of their number, make for shore—either Ireland or Newfoundland—leave the ship and scatter.

There was one enemy they did not reckon upon. After leaving the Mediterranean on our way north, we had taken aboard fifty casks of port wine, to be sold in New York on the completion of the voyage. Some of the mutineers, considering the matter of taking the ship as good as accomplished, broke into the compartment where the wine was stored, and helped themselves. Others, seeing a plentiful supply of the beverage at hand, drank also, and in the course of a couple of hours two-thirds of their number were drunk.

Unfortunately, their leader kept sober, and succeeded in keeping the rest of his men in like condition. Nevertheless after holding a consultation with my two officers, I decided to make an attempt to suppress the mutiny. Realizing what kind of a crew I had to deal with, I had before leaving the east taken a supply of arms to my cabin. As soon as it appeared that the orgie was not likely to go further I called my officers and my four men to my cabin, armed them, and together we went out, and I called for those of the crew who were sober to come forward. They did so, and it was evident from their looks that they intended to put up a fight. I knew they were armed, though they kept their arms out of sight. Since it was their nature to fight, there was every reason why they should attempt to carry out their purpose of taking the ship.

I intended to talk with them, endeavoring to persuade them to return to duty, but they did not give me an opportunity. They had traversed but half distance between them and us, when their leader said something in a tongue I did not understand. Then some drawing pistols and some knives, they made a rush for us, and a lively fight commenced.

We drove them back, with one of their men and one of ours lying on the deck. But, rallied by their leader, they returned and this time succeeded in dropping two of our men—the second officer and a seaman—out of the fight while they lost but one man, leaving them nine to our four men. We had stronger stuff in us, but they were more agile, and could better avoid our blows, the principal weapons used on each side being cutlasses.

The odds were now much against us. We were preparing for a third attack when on our starboard quarter I saw a ship. She had been unnoticed by our party, on account of the excitement we were under fighting for our lives. The mutineers did not see her because they were fighting with their backs to her. When they started for us the third time, I held up one hand as a signal for a parley and with the other pointed to the coming vessel.

The sight of a ship that I might signal for help took the courage out of them. Their leader urged them to strike a final blow before we could avail ourselves of her assistance; but, panic stricken, they scattered, running back to the forecastle, whence they had come, and down the companionway. I ordered one of my men to close the door and bar them in, which he did.

Meanwhile the ship that had saved us came on. I saw no one on deck except the helmsman, who seemed to be lashed at the wheel, though there were men lying on the deck. Putting the Pelican on a course to pass the stranger at close range, when she came abreast of us, I saw that the helmsman was dead, a man propped against the mainmast was dead, and those lying on the deck were dead.

We had been saved by dead men.

The ship had been caught, probably long before, in a northern latitude in extreme cold weather, and the crew had been frozen. Likely, they had run out of provisions. Since then she had been sailing in these frigid waters at the mercy of the winds.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf in the Southern States, Illinois and Indiana.

J. W. MICHAELS, MINISTER IN CHARGE.

Services for the Deaf of all Denominations. Will answer all calls.
Address all mail to
BOX 96, FORT SMITH, ARK.

There is an idea abroad among people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

The man who cannot be beaten is he who holds up his head when he has been beaten.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

On Thursday evening, October 22d, 1914, there were over fifty members at the meeting rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. After some minor business had been gone through, the nomination for candidates for office, to be elected on December 10th, took place. President Frankenheim appoined Mr. C. Bothner as inspector, and Messrs. H. Peters and Elkins as tellers. The result of the balloting was as follows:

For President—Samuel Frankenheim *vs* Charles J. LeClercq.

For First Vice-President—Marcus L. Kenner *vs.* Max Miller.

For Second Vice-President—Albert V. Ballin *vs.* Anthony Capelli.

For Secretary—Emanuel Sonweine *vs.* Max Miller.

For Treasurer—Emil Basch *vs.* L. H. Metzger.

Under the auspices of the Downtown Association of Hebrew Deaf, which ran an affair for the first time, Mr. Louis A. Cohen rendered in signs a dramatic reading, entitled, "Return of Esther," before an appreciative audience numbering about one hundred and fifty, in the Recreation Room of Chrystie Settlement House, at 186 Chrystie Street, last Sunday afternoon, October 25th. The subject was very interesting, being about the Jewish family dwelling in the congested East Side district. His vivid portrayal, in imitating the acts of the Jewish characters, kept attention of all those present for more than an hour. The remainder of the afternoon till six o'clock was devoted enjoyably to ice-cream and cakes served, and dancing.

The Association begs to announce that a Hallowe'en Party is to be held at same place, on Sunday afternoon, November 1st, at two 'clock.

A surprise party was donated by Mr. Thomas McMahon, to his brother, George, at their residence, 178 Pacific Street, Newark, N. J., Sunday evening, the 18th inst. A choice selection of popular games were played, followed by a dainty collation of ice cream and cake, and cigars. A host of old friends and acquaintances were present and helped in making the evening a very enjoyable one. Among those present to enjoy the fun were Miss Grace Young and friends, and Mr. Walter J. Hall. The McMahon family were also there with their usual revelry. George McMahon will not soon forget that pleasant evening given in his honor.

It was a merry time at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. P. Ehnes, on October 17th, the occasion being the christening of their darling little child. Rev. Dr. Chamberlain officiated at the ceremony. Many Fanwood friends were there, also the music boys, brothers of P. Ehnes. The fun and merry-making being over, all sat down to a bountiful luncheon, departing home at a late hour of the morning—no doubt with light hearts. Those included were Mr. and Mrs. Dornblut, Mr. and Mrs. Westlake, Misses H. Berg, K. Hyland, P. Bachman, and Messrs. Krienik, Paul, Gabriel, Friedman, P. Cliff, and hearing friends from the Seventy-first Regiment Armory.

Peter W. Witschief, one of the old-time Fanwood Boys during the stormy times of the Civil War, is visiting his daughter, wife of Ex-Congressman Bennett, for a couple of weeks. Mrs. Witschief accompanies him. Both are in splendid health and Peter especially is full of reminiscence of school days.

Oscar Foland, of Baltimore, is in New York for a short stay. He was educated at the New York Institution, and since graduation has been earning a good living at cabinet-making.

Harry Humphrey Moore, the celebrated painter, who has resided in Paris over thirty years, is stopping at the McAlpin Hotel in this city, and may remain here until the close of the war.

Miss Goldie Rubin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was married to Mr. Louis Robbins, of Philadelphia, at the home of the bride's parents, on Sunday, October 18th.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ruth Bennett to Mr. Herman Lamm. Both were educated at Fanwood.

Moses Eisen made a trip to Philadelphia last week, combining business and pleasure.

Even if a girl is color-blind she can almost invariably see an ice-cream sign clear around the corner.

Newark, N. J.

The Deaf-Mute Frats of Newark Division No. 42, will hold their annual ball on Saturday, October 31st, 1914, at New Union Hall, Springfield Avenue and Broome Street, Newark, N. J., and promise all who attend an enjoyable time. They want a big crowd there on that date to help make a success of their Hallowe'en Ball. Ten prizes awarded to ladies and gentlemen for most grotesque costumes.

As this is the first ball, we are having in Newark Division No. 42, N. F. S. D., and this being our first annual ball, we hope you can attend. Proceeds for the benefit of sick and death fund.

Thanking all in advance.

Respectfully,
ALBERT BALMUTH.

WONDERS OF THE AMAZON.

M. DeFaria writes there is probably no region of the world in which Nature wears so rich and luxurious a garb as in those lowlands through which the mighty Amazon winds its course. Primeval forests of majestic trees, a rich, thick undergrowth, insects and birds of rare beauty, deadly reptiles and fierce beasts, all combine to make it the fitting setting for adventure and romance. Here Nature holds her most intimate secrets for science to discover, but, alas, she also offers rubber and docile natives for exploitation by the soulless capitalist.

It was Mr. Woodroffe's evil fate to be enmeshed in the rubber industry, and his book is largely the story of what he saw and what he endured when he was in those toils, and of how at last he escaped from them. He is studiously moderate, as becomes a man who has been compelled to look on in silence at outrages he was powerless to prevent, but in his moderation there is most convincing proof that the horrors of the Putumayo are no fiction, but ghastly, hideous truths. But we prefer to turn to the many wonders of this fascinating region as they were seen by the author.

Mr. Woodroffe went birds' nesting in some sand holes:

After removing a quantity of sand, I placed my arm in the hole, and felt what appeared to be the tail of a small alligator. I dug away with renewed zeal, and after a few minutes was startled by the inhabitant of the hole dashing out, and running at a good pace toward the water. I started in pursuit, but could not catch him. On rejoining the party, I recounted my experiences with a "young alligator." The story was greeted with roars of laughter and remarks about "river chicken." It was subsequently explained to me that I had dug out a large, green iguana, a species of lizard, about three feet long, which is largely eaten and is not easily distinguished from chicken. The color of the flesh, its taste and the similarity of the bones, make it an easy matter to induce one to believe that he has partaken of fowl, when, in fact, he has eaten the flesh of a reptile.

Naturally there came a day when his canoe upset and he found himself in the river with two alligators, one above and below, both taking the keenest interest in his plight. His cries brought friends to the rescue, and these friends, in their anxiety and excitement, nearly shot him instead of the alligators.

After being lost in the bush, Mr. Woodroffe was rescued and taken charge of by an Indian tribe, among whom he saw many strange and curious customs. In this tribe a young man who desires a wife has to prove his capacity to maintain her by fighting all her other admirers, besides any champion her father may see fit to nominate.

At a late hour of the night, among a burst of small drums and peculiar whistles used by the men and women, the young Indian stepped into the centre of the square and was followed by another big specimen of manhood. Both wore nothing but a loin strap, and, at a given signal, took up a crouching position, each ready for the first move of his antagonist. Creeping slowly round one another, they were soon indistinguishable among a whirl of arms and legs, out of which presently emerged one of the girl's champions, smeared with blood. He was taken in charge by the medicine man, who joined the cut parts together and covered the whole with a red clay, and after several other futile attempts to damage the young lover, he abandoned the contest, and the lover was declared to have proved his ability to defend her and take her to wife.—*London Globe.*

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 3 P. M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P.M.
October 25th, Holy Communion.

CUMBERLAND, MD.—William George Short and Bessie Bella Baker, mutes, eloped here and were married by the Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, a deaf clergyman.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. John H. Keiser, Curate of St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes, New York, visited the new All Souls' Church for the Deaf for the first time on Saturday afternoon, October 24th, and found it something better than he had been led to think from the descriptions of it that he had seen in print or received from other persons. Other visitors have expressed themselves similarly.

On the same Saturday evening, Mr. Keiser entertained a large audience with a reading of Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors, in the Guild Room of the Parish House. His delivery was very rapid, and, in same instances, he gave additional color to the comedy by his own flights of imagination; but he subsequently found that he had not caught the Philadelphia deaf napping. "Bob" Ziegler, our old Shakespearean reader, was quick to detect there high flights, but in moving a vote of thanks excused them, as Mr. Keiser's own "comedy of errors." The evening thus passed off very pleasantly.

"All things come to him who waits." Ah, yes! Even trolley routes. And this is why Thomas Breen and his neighboring fellow-deaf are chuckling with satisfaction now.

Sunday, October 11th, is the day that our genial Tom will always love to recall, for it was on this good day that the Philadelphia Rapid (?) Transit Company established a new trolley route that almost takes him from the door of his home to the door of All Souls' Parish House. Between the two doors there is less than a square to walk in each direction, and the route is the same both ways. Previous to this change Messrs. Breen, Reider, *et al.*, had four or five full squares to walk in each direction.

A congregation numbering nearly two hundred attended the service in All Souls' Church for the Deaf on Sunday afternoon, the 25th inst. During the service a beautiful new window was dedicated in memory of Elizabeth Russell Belfield. The vested choir rendered Hymn 336, and the Rev. J. H. Keiser preached a forceful sermon on moral courage. Mr. and Mrs. T. Broom Belfield, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Belfield Lewars, the son-in-law and eldest daughter of Mr. Belfield' first wife; and a grandson and granddaughter, both children of Mr. and Mrs. Lewars, were present to witness the dedication of the memorial window, which is for Mr. Belfield's first wife, and which depicts scenes from the life of Christ.

After the service, the Bible School held its regular session, while the hearing visitors were shown through the buildings. Rev. Mr. Keiser left in the early evening for Trenton, N. J., where he took the service for Mr. Dantzer on his way home. Mr. Keiser came to Philadelphia an unwell man, but we are glad to say that he left for home apparently none the worse for his strenuous little visit.

On Thursday evening, October 22d, the members of the Clerc Literary Association, were treated to a stereopticon show. While most of the slides shown were old ones, there were a number of new ones. Rev. Mr. Dantzer described the views, while Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., manipulated the lantern.

St. Joseph's Catholic Deaf-Mute Mission celebrated its anniversary at its rooms in St. Joseph's College, Eighteenth and Stiles Streets, on Sunday afternoon, October 25th. A number of speeches were made by those present.

Mr. John C. Lentz, of Jonestown, Pa., made three business trips to the city this Fall, stopping in each instance with his sister, Mrs. R. M. Ziegler. On his last trip, he called with Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler on the JOURNAL representative.

Mr. William J. Phillips will join his father at Hampton Roads, Va., and remain under his care, because long illness has incapacitated him for work.

Miss Mary E. Taylor, who always spends the summers among her relatives at West Chester, Pa., is back again and looks as well as usual, in spite of the increasing years.

Mr. William McKinney was indisposed for several days last week, but now he is about again.

Mr. Jerome T. Elwell, who was seriously injured last winter by being run down by a motor-truck, has not fully recovered yet, but he is able to go about without crutches.

Martin A. Caviston has opened a sanitary shoe-polishing parlor in Kensington, and he also conducts a small tobacco store in conjunction with it.

Miss Edith Ball is preparing a dramatic presentation of The Taming of the Shrew, for Thanksgiving Day evening, at All Souls' Parish House.

Once more we remind the local deaf of the Hallowe'en Party at All Souls' Parish House this coming Saturday evening (October 31st.) A small price of admission will be asked, for which a pleasant evening may be enjoyed.

Those deaf, who will attend the foot-ball match between Gallaudet College and the Pennsylvania Military College, at Chester, on Saturday, November 14th, may obtain refreshments in the Drill Room on the grounds after the game. The eatables will be in charge of the Delaware County Local Branch of the P. S. A. D.

Deaf-Mute Kills Self at Hotel in Nashville.

Oliver C. Meniur, aged 35, said to be a Chicago traveling man, killed himself in his room in a Nashville hotel some time during Tuesday night or Wednesday morning.

His body was found Wednesday afternoon on a bed in his room at the Windsor Hotel on Broadway, near Tenth Avenue, a blue steel revolver being clutched tightly in his right hand. In the opinion of the police, the man had been dead several hours.

A bullet hole through the right temple told the story.

Near him was a note addressed to the clerks of the hotel, thanking them for the courtesies that had been extended. Meniur was a deaf mute. He had told the clerks at the hotel his home was in Chicago. The note requested that none of his relatives there be notified.

"God has shown his kindness by punishing me," the note read. "I have been a good boy, but through trying to be helpful to others, I have gotten myself into scrapes. I feel I have no right to live, and I want to die in this little city of Nashville."

Meniur registered at the Windsor at 3 o' clock Tuesday morning, having just come to the city from Louisville. Although deaf and dumb, he was of a very communicative frame of mind and stopped a good while in the lobby, asking questions about the city and its population.

TOO MANY PEOPLE.

He said his home was in Chicago, but he didn't like the city, because there were too many people there. He was well dressed, his garments bearing the trademark of a Louisville, Ky., tailoring firm.

Meniur was discovered by a bell-boy at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, when no one answered in response to the knocks on his door. The police were notified, and an investigation was made by Sergeants Waddell and Wright. They reported that the man had evidently been dead for several hours, as the body was beginning to discolor.

Clerks and reporters at the hotel stated that they had heard no shot fired during the day or night. The weapon used by Meniur was of a hammerless type. The pillow on which Meniur was lying helped stifle the sound, the police believe.

Meniur wrote a splendid hand. A gold watch and thirteen dollars in money were found in his pockets. A small valise was his only baggage at the hotel.

The remains were turned over by the police to the undertaking firm of Wiles Bros., and a telegram was sent to James Gleason, Chief of Police at Chicago.

Before retiring late Tuesday night he requested that he not be called until late in the afternoon. He had previously hinted that he intended taking the night train to Louisville.

At a late hour Wednesday night no answer to the telegram of the undertakers had been received. —*The Tennessean and American, Oct. 22.*

Schenectady N. Y.

The *Union-Star* of October 20th, contains the following Obituary, of Mrs. John G. Bunk, a deaf-mute 22 years old, educated at the Rome and Buffalo Schools for the Deaf:

"Mrs. Hannah Ophelia Simkins, daughter of the late George M. and Anna Simkins and wife of John G. Bunk, died yesterday at her home, No. 137 Guilderland Avenue. An only son, George, died three weeks ago, and Mrs. Bunk never recovered from the shock, becoming unconscious the following day and never regaining consciousness. Mrs. Bunk was born in Middleburg, Schoharie County, in May, 1872. She lived there during her girlhood, removing to this city with her parents twenty-seven years ago. A few years later she married John G. Bunk, who, with four daughters, Orla, Margaret, Gertrude and Laura, survive. Mrs. Bunk was a devoted wife and mother, having always the welfare of her husband and children in mind. She worked diligently for them, considering no sacrifice too great for their comfort. The funeral will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. H. C. Petty officiating."

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, *Pastor*, 740 W. Fayette Street.
Rev. J. A. Branflick, *Assistant*, 2704 Bernard Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

OHIO.

CANTON CULLINGS.

A surprised birthday party was given, Saturday evening, September 5th, at the home of Mrs. Arthur Kibler's parents, in Canton, in honor of her husband. The evening was spent in games. Luncheon was served. Those presents were Miss Biggam, of Columbus, Misses Myrtle Miller and Zula Bratton, Mr. and Mrs. Weckel, Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Kibler, Mr. and Mrs. Monnin, Mr. Schild, and Mrs. Crowley. After Labor Day, Mr. and Mrs. Kibler returned to their home, in Salem, O.

Miss Biggam, of Columbus, who had come to attend the funeral of Mrs. Mary B. Schild, visited her sisters and brothers for ten days.

The Labor Day Picnic was held at the home of Miss Rosa Affolter. The attendance was small, although it was quite a success. Almost every thing was sold, except a part of the ice cream, on account of the cold weather. A neat sum was realized and given to the Home.

In the evening Mr. and Mrs. McMurray entered the house and announced that they were married Saturday, September 5th. The company heartily congratulated them on their marriage and wished them long life and happiness. They are housekeeping at 1206 Lawrence Street, N. E. Mr. McMurray is employed in the Harvard Works.

Mr. William Toomey is working in the Caxton Press Co., in Canton, and gets good wages.

About eleven deaf-mutes went to Applegrove, near New Berlin, Sunday, October 4th, and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Slusser and Miss Bratton in the country, where they enjoyed the fresh air. The day was lovely and warm. A fine dinner was served. Then they drove to the home of Mr. Slusser's parents, not far away. They have a large apple orchard with many varieties of nice apples. They departed for home late in the evening. The moonlight was lovely, thus enabling them to talk in the wagon. All had an enjoyable time.

On October 31st, a Hallowe'en party will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Price. It will be for the benefit of the Episcopal Mission.

Mrs. Collins Sawhill and daughter visited Mr. and Mrs. Albert Price for a week after a three weeks' visit in Cleveland with their relatives. They have returned home in Braddock, Pa. Mrs. Weckel and Mrs. Crowley met them at the McKinley Monument, Sunday afternoon, October, 11th. Mrs. Sawhill thought the Garfield Monument was more beautiful than the McKinley Monument, although it was very pretty.

C.

Friday evening last found us in Cincinnati, where, in the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Home Assembly Hall, an account of our last summer vacation in the south and east was given. The attendance was good, despite the inclemency of the weather. It was a pleasure to meet many former pupils of the school there, as well as get acquainted with some of the Cincinnati Day School graduates and from over the river deaf. Most of them are keeping up their heads; notwithstanding work is slack in many factories. After the lecture a social was given in the reception room, where a pleasant hour's conversation was spent together.

Saturday rain prevented any visiting or sight-seeing. However, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hoy came down from Mt. Healthy late in the afternoon. Mr. Hoy is now engaged in the dairy business, and is making a success of it too. Sunday afternoon we conducted a religious service in Wesley Chapel of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on 5th Street, between Sycamore and Broad Streets. The pastor of the church, Rev. Gervaise Boughton, and Rev. Farrar, both of whom take much interest in the welfare of the deaf, were present, as was also Miss E Virginia Cameron, who is doing missionary work among the Cincinnati deaf, as well as rendering help to those who need it.

There was a good attendance of the deaf.

In this same church, on the afternoon of October 11th, Rev. P. J. Hasenstab baptized the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roof. He visited Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vance Sunday morning. Mr. Vance is quited aged, and has been confined to his room all summer from heart trouble.

Coincident with the Knights Templar parade mentioned in our last, the Columbus *Dispatch* gave the following amusing story:—

"Dr. W. S. Locke, a Knight Templar and director of the Syrian Temple band, of the Cincinnati division, probably held his breath on his way back to Cincinnati. He directed the Syrian band in the parade Wednesday, and when they had just ceased playing a selection, they came to an institution where a large crowd of little children stood, clapping their hands and waving at the knights. Dr. Locke, noting the children and being a big, kind-hearted man, beckoned Major Arthur Ireton to start the music.

"After they played a lively tune and Dr. Locke walked over to the fence to talk to the little folk, he learned that the institution was the State School for the Deaf."

Herbert Wendell, a second-year pupil in school, died Saturday morning, from hydrophobia. Symptoms of the malady began to show themselves Thursday morning, and he was taken to the hospital. He had spoken of having been bitten by a dog at home, but the facts could not be obtained, as delirium seized him and continued till the end. It required two persons to hold him in his struggles. His parents were telegraphed for as soon as the boy became sick, but they were difficult to locate. His father reached here Saturday evening, and took the remains home to Bridgeport, O., Sunday noon. The boy was eleven years old.

The School is again indebted to the *Columbus Evening Dispatch* for the privilege of witnessing "Cabiria," at the Hartman Theatre, Tuesday, from ten to one o'clock. It was of the moving picture kind, and the various scenes were withal interesting, taking one back 300 years B.C., when Rome and Carthage were at war.

Mrs. Anna Callison acted as hostess in a reception, given in honor of Mrs. Laverna Carr Wornstaff, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Work, in the South End. Guests to the number of twenty-two made up the party and spent a very pleasant evening in games and social talk. Refreshments of a dainty kind were served. Before separating the company bespoke for Mrs. Wornstaff a safe and enjoyable trip to her Western home in Los Angeles, Cal., for which she departed Monday.

Mr. A. H. Schory was down in Butler County Wednesday, attending the funeral of the step-father of his first wife, who was Ida Agnew.

Miss Mary C. Bierce can now be found at 133 West 79th Street, New York City, where she is staying with her sister Mrs. E. Holden.

The engagement of Miss Maude Lambert to Mr. Joseph Turvey, of Huntington, W. Va., is announced. The wedding will occur in December.

Mr. Wilbur Buckingham is in Cleveland in search of work.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Sarber, of Canal Winchester, O., had as their guests Misses Clara Neuner, Cora Uhl and Mr. Jacob B. Showalter.

A. B. G.

Methods for Teaching the Deaf.

Omaha Bee, Oct. 5.

BENSON, NEB., Oct. 13.—In a recent report of the meeting of the Parents' Association of the Nebraska School for the Deaf, the meeting is said to have been "a large and enthusiastic meeting," at which resolutions indorsing the Nebraska oral law and the oral method were passed.

As a matter of fact this meeting was composed of a number of parents who had just come to Omaha to enter their children at the school, and who were marshalled by the superintendent and oral teachers, and who were so uninformed and misinformed that they did the bidding of those interested.

The Nebraska oral law can have the sanction and support of no fair-minded person. It is contrary to the principles of freedom to enact a law that will make mandatory the method of educating a child or a certain group of children. It is class legislation of the rankest kind. The deaf people of Nebraska are up in arms against this law and will do all they can to have it repealed at the next meeting of the legislature, and earnestly urge all fair-minded men and women to assist them.

The great majority of schools for the deaf in America are combined system schools. They fit the method to the child and not, as is trying to be done in Nebraska, by legal enactment, fit the child to the method. Because of the fact that America is after educational results and is not hidebound by an single method, the deaf of America lead the world in both an educational and a material sense. The deaf of Europe are not in the same class with them. The question is, Is Nebraska going to adopt Europe's failure or keep abreast of the great American schools for the deaf? If the citizens of Nebraska know what they are about and are not misled by faddists, they will repeal this obnoxious and unjust law.

A. L. HURT,
President of the Nebraska Association for the Advancement of the Deaf.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, *Pastor*, 3325 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.
Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.
Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.
Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.
Clerc Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.
Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.
Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

WHEELING.

That was a happy gathering which met in the lecture room of St. Matthew's Church Thursday night, October 15th, to greet the new Rector, Rev. G. Freeland Peter. The reception was to commence at 8 o'clock, and at half past eight the room was crowded with the members of the congregation besides many friends who were interested in the new Rector. No cards were issued, yet all they knew were cordially invited, and as cordially responded, many more would have been there to join in the enthusiastic welcome given the Rector had it not been rained continuously the entire evening. The evening was passed in a delightfully social time in the interchanges of pleasantries and greeting of friends.

A great variety of delicious cakes and ice cream were served the guests during the evening.—*Parish Record*

Mr. and Mrs. Bremer and Mr. David Williams, of Martin's Ferry, O., were at the reception.

The following is also a clipping from the church paper:

Rev. Oliver J. Whildin, of Baltimore Md., conducted two interesting services at St. Matthew's to the deaf, on Sunday, October 11. He comes back in November, when he goes to Pittsburgh, Pa., to submit a report for the new third province, fixed by the recent General Convention.

The following is taken from the Wheeling *Intelligencer* of October 22d:

Further evidence of the need of a municipal hospital was given last night when a young man, deaf and dumb, went broke over 200 miles from home. After considerable questioning by means of writing, it was learned who and what he was and where he was going. Mayor Kirk was communicated with and will secure transportation for him this morning. The lad by writing, said that his name was Eugene Libe, that his mother was Mrs. Clare Libe, and that his home is in Romney, W. Va.

Furthermore, that he has been going to school in New York City, for the deaf and dumb, and that he is on his way home, coming from Chicago. He bought a ticket for Wheeling, and has only seventy-five cents left. He was picked up at the B. & O. Station by the deaconesses and taken to the Casey apartments on Market Street, but there he became ill and asked that he be taken to a hospital. He said he had been operated upon four times, and showed marks of the operation. Inasmuch as the city does not have a hospital, he was taken back to the apartments and will proceed on his way this morning.

At No. 24 Zane Street, Wheeling Island, on Tuesday afternoon, October 20th, took place the funeral of Herbert H. Wendel, eleven-year old deaf-mute. He was attacked, last summer, by a mad dog, in Bridgeport, O., while visiting his relatives, and it was not thought that the injuries were of a serious nature. He went to the Columbus School at its opening, but later symptoms of hydrophobia developed, sending him to a hospital, where he had been confined for several days, passing away on Friday. His remains were removed to his parental home. Interment was made in Greenwood Cemetery.

Miss Ada Anderson and Mrs. J. C. Bremer paid their respects by attending at the house.

Deep regret is felt by all the deaf over the great loss of this bright acquaintance.

A big attendance of deaf-mutes from Bellaire, O., Martin's Ferry, O., Moundsville, W. Va., Wallsbury, W. Va., and Wheeling assembled on Saturday eve., October 7th, in the Sunday School room of St. Matthew's, where Mr. Durian, of Alliance, O., delivered a reading, "The Great War of Nine Nations," which is raging now in Europe.

A little social time followed, the ladies serving hot coffee, ice cream and cake. He is one of the lay-readers under the Rev. B. R. Allabough, of Mid-Western Dioceses for the Deaf. He assisted in Sunday afternoon church service, speaking on "Hope, Faith and Charity," to a congregation of about eighteen. A cordial farewell was extended him at Wheeling and Lake Erie Station, one block away, after the church service ended.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Seamon and children are staying with their folks in Barnesville, O. The La Belle tin mill was shut down indefinitely.

J. C. B.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, *Minister.*

AUTUMN, 1914.

Hartford, Christ Church, first and third Sundays each month, at 3 P.M.

New Haven, Trinity Church Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays, at 11 A.M.

Bridgeport, St. John's Church, the chapel, Park and Fairfield Avenues, second Sundays, at 3 P.M.

Waterbury, St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays, at 7 P.M.

Services by appointment in Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass.

Address of pastor, Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

FANWOOD.

The Institution's Accountant, Mr. John V. Miller, passed away on the evening of Thursday, October 22d. The cause of death was arterio sclerosis. Mr. Miller was born in Ottawa, Canada, on February 9th, 1841. His connection with the Institution began on the 2d of February, 1895, so that he had almost completed twenty years of service here. On the 12th of October the Attending Physician of the Institution, Dr. Edward H. Rogers, after examining Mr. Miller's physical condition, reported to Principal Currier that Mr. Miller had the arteries of an old man and was liable to die at any moment, perhaps would be found dead in his bed. In just twelve days after, although Mr. Miller seemed in his usual health, the final summons called him away forever. He was a member of the Episcopal Church. He leaves three aged sisters in Ottawa, Canada, who being invalids were unable to be present at the funeral services on Monday afternoon.

The funeral service over the remains of John V. Miller were held in the Chapel of the Institution at three o'clock, on Monday afternoon, October 26th.

By order of the Principal, all of the activities of every department of the Institution ceased at a quarter to three and so remained until after the service in the chapel.

In the chapel were assembled, besides President Stoddard, Dr. Charles A. Leale and Principal and Mrs. Currier, all of the teachers, officers, larger pupils, employes and domestics, when the black, broadcloth casket, with oxydized silver handle bars and name plate, covered with a blanket of flowers, was borne in by the active pall bearers—Cadet Captains Gruet, Lux, and Rubin, Cadet Adjutant Parsons, Cadet Lieutenant Schnapp—followed by the honorary pall bearers—Dr. Thomas Francis Fox, Major William H. Van Tassell, Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson and Mr. Joseph H. Banks.

Rev. Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, President of the Institution, officiated, and intoned the Episcopal Liturgy beginning: "I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord: he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall be live, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The Cadet Band rendered "Integer Vitæ."

Rev. Dr. Stoddard then read a part of the 15th chapter of I Corinthians.

This was followed by a musical rendering of the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light."

Rev. Dr. Stoddard delivered a short eulogy on the deceased. Mr. Miller had been in his employ when he conducted the *New York Observer*, at Park Row nearly opposite the City Hall. When the great fire broke out one afternoon in 1882, it was Mr. Miller who helped him along the narrow cornice edged by a big sign board into the adjoining building, by which act they both escaped with their lives. He praised Mr. Miller as a marvel of accuracy at figures and a wonder at precise and systematic statement; a patient, painstaking and faithful man. When advancing years had made the stress and strain and hurry of a newspaper office too arduous a task, at his instance, Principal Currier had given him the office of accountant, and during the nineteen years and eight months of his service not a single error could be charged against him. Never again will the Institution have so capable a man.

Dr. Stoddard then offered a short prayer, concluding with the Benediction.

Principal Currier interpreted all of the service into the sign language.

The casket was opened and all were allowed to file past and take a farewell look at the deceased, who appeared like a white-haired, intellectual old man, wrapped in peaceful slumber.

The remains were interred in the Institution's plot in Trinity Cemetery, Rev. Dr. Stoddard reading the committal service at the grave.

The floral offerings were contributed as follows:—From gentlemen in the Office, American Beauty Roses; from the Teachers, Lavender Chrysanthemums, White Chrysanthemums and Roses; from the Pupils, Golden Gate Roses, Pink and White Carnations and Chrysanthemums; from Dr. Rogers, the Institution's Physician, Piece of Oak Leaves and Lilies; from the Principal and Mrs. Currier, Wreath made of White Chrysanthemums, White Roses, White Lilies and Purple Violets.

The second gathering of the Fanwood Literary Association was held, at 7:30, Saturday evening, in the chapel. Dr. Thomas Francis Fox presented his lecture on the life of Geoffrey Chaucer, the Father of English Literature. A short biography of Chaucer was first given, and it was explained how his literary efforts were followed by the rise of a new language that in time was to be universal throughout England and our great country. The narrator spoke of the deliberate fall of the French tongue in English speaking circles after the poetry and prose of Chaucer began to circulate. Also a list of his greatest works and comparisons with other great English writers. One of the interesting accounts Dr. Fox gave was of his own visits to Westminster Abbey, in London, England, where the remains of Chaucer repose. He was voted a round of thanks by the pupils and then asked for some war news. "Strictly neutral," was his answer, and we went to bed peaceable as doves.

Under the direction of Rev. John H. Keiser the members of the St. Ann's Church will begin a bible class to take up the study of the life of Christ. One of the recent gifts, besides the Bible, is a new book called the "Life of Jesus Christ."

The Principal attended the 50th Convocation of the University of the State of New York, spending three days in Albany last week.

This week's visitors in the printing office include the names of two well known deaf gentlemen, Mr. Peter Witschief, '69, of Fanwood, visited Editor Hodgson on Thursday. He and his wife are visiting Ex-Congressman Bennett, of Washington Heights. Mrs. Bennett is their daughter and a very charming lady.

With Dr. Fox, Mr. John Shea, of this city, and former graduate of St. Joseph's School, called and made a short tour of the principal classes.

Oscar Foland, who graduated three years ago and who has been a resident of Baltimore, was also present Thursday afternoon. He was given a warm reception by the boys. George K. S. Gompers dropped in with his usual wit and humor, Sunday afternoon.

The Sunday afternoon review and dress parade of the cadets was one of the essentials of the week. On the reviewing staff with Col. Currier and Major Van Tassell, were Col. Laschar, Capt. J. L. Abrahams of Company B, Cavalry Battalion, and a squad of cadets from one of the Church military organizations. They witnessed the drill with the intention to learn what they could of the inner secrets of "Good Drilling." The cadets made a good showing, though not quite yet in their crack trim. Col Laschar was much pleased and expressed his admiration before leaving.

The chief guest of the Principal last week was Dr. H. B. Young, an eye, ear and throat specialist of Burlington, Iowa. Dr. Young attended the Otological Convention of the Academy of Medicine in Bostsn, Mass. He presented a paper there stating that the hearing should develope their interest in the deaf by learning the sign-language, thereby making the deaf more socially prominent and also informing a more perfect idea of them for their hearing kinsmen. With Principal Currier he heard the band play and made a study of the regular routine, inspecting the school building and observing the teaching of rhythm A special drill was had for his benefit and it pleased him very much. He left in the afternoon.

Prof. Jones and Mr. Skyberg officiated the Sunday services. With Mr. Skyberg were the Misses Eglinton and Kuhn and Mr. John Eglinton.

Fanwood held her own in the brisky base ball duel played Saturday afternoon, holding her besiegers at bay throughout the game. The Chapel B. B. C. presented a strong line-up and outweighted the home team on all sides. The contest ended in the eleventh inning, darkness prevailing and score 5 to 5.

Since the budding of basket ball hardly a day passes without seeing the senior teams at practice.

From the far West, Austin, Texas, comes the news that Walter Kadel, last year's Fanwood honor graduate, progresses successfully as military instructor and physical director of the Texas School for the Deaf. The following clipping, taken from *The Lone Star* of that School, may prove of interest:—

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR.

Major Kadel who has been secured as drill master and Athletic Director has taken hold of the boys and gives them lessons every day in drilling.

He comes from New York and is a very intelligent man. Although he is a mute himself he has perfect control over the boys, and they could not have selected a better coach than he is. As soon as he gets his office fixed up and ready he will start in his athletic work in earnest and he wants every boy to try for football, basketball, tennis and track. He not only knows how to teach athletics, but is an all-around athlete himself. He can do anything that he can tell how to do. Texas has been very fortunate in securing him and we hope to make a good impression on him, so that he will stay with us and help us. T. S. D. needs more athletics, and with his aid we hope to have boys' tennis and basketball teams organized.

Although we have an excellent team and an even more excellent coach, we must have the support of the student body and faculty to win. Strength alone can never conquer; it needs the assistance of the loyal support of the student body and faculty.

Now everybody get behind T. S. D. athletics and push.

Athletic Director Kadel is organizing an athletic association, and is busy arranging things now.

He is very ambitious about having a boys' basketball team.

OUR MILITARY MAN.

A step forward has been taken, we feel sure, for we have added the military feature to our course. Major Walter E. Kadel of the New York school is in charge, and came a few days before the opening of school to get things in readiness to go to work at once. With the one hundred army rifles, secured from the U. S. Government, and eighty smaller dummy guns for the younger boys, we are well equipped to start with, and with military uniforms we hope to look like really truly soldiers, and help the boys in many ways besides that of correct carriage. Other schools have accomplished much for the pupils along this line so we feel anxious to try what we can do here.

The Defense of Gibraltar

For centuries the Rock of Gibraltar has been a synonym for strength. Near it in the eighth century landed Tarik, the first Saracen invader of Spain. The Moors held it till 1462 when it was captured by the Spaniards. Charles V. fortified it, but in 1704 it was taken by combined English and Dutch forces under Sir Edward Rooke. The Spaniards and French united in besieging it, but failed. The Spaniards tried again without success in 1727. It seemed impregnable, and no further attempt was made for more than half a century. In 1779 it was again closely invested by a combined army of Spaniards and Frenchmen. The siege lasted three years, and immense preparations were made for a final assault in 1783. The Spaniards thirsted for revenge. Many schemes of attack were proposed and finally one was accepted which contemplated a combined attack by both land and sea, and included a stupendous array of floating batteries which were to discharge red hot cannon balls. Thousands of spectators assembled to witness the fall of the stronghold, but they were disappointed. For days hundreds of cannon belched forth their shot and shell, but the little English garrison replied with such spirit that floating batteries and many of the attacking ships were destroyed Gibraltar proved impregnable, and remains an English possession to this day.

FINDING FAULT.

No company is rich enough to pay employes for the time some of them take in talking about the faults of the boss, the superintendent, or anyone else in its employ.

No school is good enough to educate the boy or girl whose main talk is about how bad the teacher is or how wrong the rules.

Growing is a habit which not only grows worse with time but takes away one's strength. Look for faults and talk about them awhile and you are stirred up so your work is good for nothing for an hour.

You are not in a perfect world. If you were you would spoil it. But you can help your part of the world to sing for joy. That is your duty. Drop the faults of others and think of their good points.

Fault finding is worse than poison.—*Ex.*

Rev. B. R. Allabough's Appointments

(1825 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.)

MID-WESTERN DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

Dioceses: Pittsburg, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indianapolis, Michigan, Lexington, Kentucky.

St. Margaret's Mission—Trinity Episcopal Church, Sixth Avenue, Pittsburg. Mr. F. A. Leitner, Lay Reader. Bible Class, 7 P.M. every Sunday. Services 7:45 P.M every Sunday.

St. Philip's Mission in the Beaver Valley, Pa. Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, Lay Reader. Services once a month, subject to notice. Beaver Falls, New Brighton, Rochester and Beaver by turns.

All Saints' Mission—Trinity Church, cor. Third and Broad Streets, Columbus, O. Mr. C. W. Charles, Lay Reader. Services, 10:30 A.M. every Sunday.

Owing to the postponement of the meeting of the Kentucky Association of the Deaf at the School for the Deaf, Danville, the appointments for Toledo, O., Dayton, O., Danville, Ky., and Louisville, Ky., (September 3 to 6) are hereby cancelled.

OCTOBER.

25—Columbus, O., 10.30 A.M. (Holy Communion) and 3.15 P.M.
25—Newark, 7.30 P.M. (Combined Service).
26—Bellaire, O., 7.45 P.M.

NOVEMBER

1—Cleveland, O., 10.45 A.M. (Holy Com.) and 3 P.M.
1—Oberlin, 7.30 P.M.
2—Sandusky, O., 7.30 P.M.

OCTOBER

LAY READER

24—Youngstown, O., lecture by Mr. Durian.
25—Youngstown, O., 2.00 P.M., by Mr. Durian.

Great genius and good horse sense seldom dwell together in the same cranium.

CHICAGO.

I find it hard to seek items concerning deaf-mutes in Chicago and suburban towns unless they are willing to help me. If they will mail cards to me, I will make them as newsy as possible, otherwise I must drop my regular correspondence.

Another independent paper, called the "Deaf Courier," has sprung up a great surprise on me. It reminds me of the late National Exponent. Will it last? Yes! let us hope so, and we will wish the hopeful publisher much good luck. He is one of the brightest literary stars and will do pushing, hustling and bustling, but no busting.

About one hundred and fifty dollars are said to have been mailed to Mr. Jesse A. Waterman, from the deaf who received the first samples of the *Deaf Courier*, which evidently indicates that they want a real live and independent paper.

Albert Albert Cornwall, who lives near here and calls on me occasionally, lost his hearing at eighteen years of age, by a cold, and married a beautiful niece of the late Mrs. Bowes, about fifteen years ago. He lost her two years later by divorce, because of his failure to support her. Finally he obtained a most lucrative position as a clerk, in a big business house, through the strong influence of a friend. He expects to be pensioned in five or six years.

The other night Mr. Cornwall came again for a social chat. He spelled: "Three weeks ago as I walked across the street, I picked up a horseshoe, and looked at it: it must belong to an old sick nag. I wrapped it in a newspaper and brought it to my room, and asked my landlord to nail it above my door for good luck.

"A week ago a raffle was being held for a diamond ring in the house where I work. I decided to buy one ticket. The other day one of the office boys rushed to me excited and told me that I won the diamond ring. I think it is worth $65.00." Lucky fellow!

Mrs. Jesse Waterman brought her pretty little daughter to the Flint School, October 4th, and then stopped at Detroit for a week's visit on her way back to Chicago.

Mrs. Henrietta S. Lefi (*nee* Sonneborn) went to a hospital by the advice of her physician, and had a slight operation performed upon her person. She is doing very well.

Mrs. Morton Sonneborn hurried to her beside directly from Los Angeles. Quite a number of their old friends have called on both and cheered them up.

Chester C. Codman, who went to Montana about four years ago and took up 160 acres of U. S. government land, lives 27 miles from the nearest post office. We have been much pleased to hear from him from time to time. He is a mighty hustler. This Fall, Chester reports having harvested 450 bushels of fine wheat and dug up a few hundred bushels of potatoes. He has helped his neighbors with his team, for three weeks, thresh the grain by turns. He is the proud possessor of three frisky colts and two hundred chickens. He does most of his daily work and cooking alone. Surely he needs a helper, or rather a helpmeet. He wrote to me that no woman would be able to stand the terrible loneliness in the vast country where he resides. He has to drive his team with his produce to towns 15 to 30 miles away and does not return home until dark. He expects to receive a full deed from the United States Government next year.

Frank Friday has secured a job in a newspaper printing house, at Lansing, Michigan, having been laid off in Chicago, for the first time in several years.

The Pas-a-Pas Club has sent invitations to its members and friends for a Hollowe'en Social at the Parish House, on Saturday evening, November 7th.

Rev. Flick attended the general Conference of the Episcopal Church which was held at Detroit, for a week. He reported at All Angels' Church, Sunday afternoon, that several new changes had been suggested, discussed and passed, by the Conference, and that he was greeted very cordially by over a hundred deaf-mutes in the largest and most beautifully furnished Parish House of St. John's Church.

Mr. Flick also said that they seemed to take a deep interest in their church and literary work, and mentioned Mr. Colby as a good leader, because he is willingly and cheerfully assisting all deaf-mutes in every way for their advancement and happiness.

Some sad comment has been made upon the rapid disappearance of our old friends by death—for instance, Mrs. Raffington died in May, Mr. Taylor in July, Mr. Regensberg in August, Mr. Gallaher in September, and Mr. Sullivan in October.

Mrs. Raffington was stricken down with a severe paralysis in her right side and had been lying in bed four or five years.

Mr. Regensburg was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson one Sunday. I happened to call at their residence and enjoyed a lively chat for the first time and also entertained Mr. Taylor. Two days later Mr. Regensburg left for his home at Los Angeles. We scarcely realized that he and Mr. Taylor would pass away

Mr. Taylor had the most tenacious vitality; he knew his end was near, but he heroically fought against odds for his waning life until nourishment failed him. He was known in the East and West as a most skilful and reliable watch and clock repairer.

Mr. Gallaher enjoyed himself very much among the numerous deaf-mutes at Washington Park on July 4th. He spoke of his brilliant reception at the Teachers' Convention and discussed the methods of teaching the deaf. I inquired of his old complaint, he solemnly spelled: "I am sure I will die within a year or two." He wanted to undergo an operation long ago, but his family objected for fear that the operation might be fatal; so it actually sent him to an untimely grave!

Mr. Sullivan would certainly have lived longer, if his big toe had not been stepped on accidentally at a party which was given in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan last January. The toenail was almost crushed out, and afterwards gangrene set in. His doctors decided that in order to save his life they should amputate his leg at the knee, but dared not do so, because of his heart being so weak, as he had had an attack of paralysis in his side and been an invalid for five or six years.

When I called on Mr. Sullivan for the last time, he smiled and spelled: "I am ready to die," and seemed very calm until a few days before he became unconscious.

On looking up a list of the deaths of our old friends which have occurred within twenty years, I have counted thirty-six. Here are their names: Messrs. Cotton, Raffington, Grout, Schuttler, Scott, Gage, Bowes, Beman, Wayman, Emery, Christensen, Heinlein, Elliott, Page, Carthy; Madames Cotton, Hunter, Bowes, Graham, Bradley, Nellie Buchan, Boyle, Gordon; Misses Foster, Porter, Buell, Regan, Livermore.

S. H. H.

BONDS FOR INVESTMENT.

The fundamental principles governing sound investment are safety of principal, income return, marketability and distribution of risk. The wise investor divides his funds among issues varied in character and location.

We shall be glad to mail, on request, a selected list of municipal, railroad, public utility and industrial bonds, offering investments in various parts of the United States and Canada.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM
18 WEST 107TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

CORRESPONDENT
OF
LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

THIRD ANNUAL
Christmas Festival
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
Guild of St. Matthews Lutheran Church for the Deaf
—AT—
St. Luke's Lutheran Church
(Forty-second Street, between Times Square and Eighth Avenue).
Saturday, Dec. 26, 1914
AT 8 P.M.
Admission (including refreshments) 25 cents
Arrangement Committee—Rose Schmitt, Chairlady; Misses Ruge, Prims, Andress; Messrs. Walther, Nelson, A. C. Berg.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat
Brooklyn Division, No. 23, N.F.S.D. meets at Imperial Hall, 360 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, THOMAS J. COSGROVE, Secretary, 37 Douglas Street, Brooklyn or LOUIS A. COHEN, State Organizer, 72 E. 96th St., New York.

PARTNER WANTED: An opportunity for a deaf printer of intelligence with some hundred dollars to join one who has a completely equipped plant, in partnership. The place has been successfully run by present owner for twenty years, but object is to move to a better locality up-town, where there is a splendid field and greater opportunity. Best of references. Address: "Partner," Deaf-Mutes' Journal, Station M, New York City.

"GREATER THAN EVER"
Fourth Annual
MASQUERADE AND BALL
(A Real Arabian Night)
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association
TO BE HELD AT
YORKVILLE CASINO
210 EAST 86TH STREET
Bet. Second and Third Aves.
Saturday Evening, Dec. 19, 1914
$50.00 IN CASH PRIZES FOR COSTUMES
Tickets, . . (including wardrobe) . . 50 cents each
[Particulars Later.]

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASS.
(The Oldest "Old Line" Co. in the U. S.)
MAKES ABSOLUTELY NO DISCRIMINATION AGAINST DEAF-MUTES IN ANY WAY WHATEVER.
ALL POLICIES PARTICIPATE IN ANNUAL DIVIDENDS AND HAVE *INCREASING CASH SURRENDER VALUES*, ETC.
A Life-Insurance premium is NOT expense, and you are not paying something for nothing. You are SAVING MONEY, and Insurance is taking care of it for you. We make no special plea; this is business done in a business-like manner. Each one pays his share, and does so, because it is for his interest to do so. Think it over!
INSURE NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! IN YEARS TO COME, YOU OR YOUR LOVED ONES WILL BE THANKFUL!
For sample policy and full information write or see our Sole Eastern Special Agent for deaf-mutes, giving dates of your birth.
MARCUS L. KENNER
200 WEST 111TH STREET
New York

Auspices Woman's Parish Aid Society
READING
Sir Walter Scott's Masterpiece
"IVANHOE"
—BY—
Thomas Francis Fox, Litt.D.
—AT—
St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes
511 West 145th Street
Saturday Evening, Nov. 14th.
ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS
Proceeds for benefit of Thanksgiving and Christmas Funds

GRAND ANNUAL
Big Hallowe'en Ball
GIVEN BY THE
Newark Division, No. 42, N. F. S. D.
—AT—
NEW UNION HALL
Springfield Ave. and Broome St.
Newark, N. J.
Saturday Evening, October 31, 1914
MUSIC BY PROF. KRIMKE
TICKETS, - - - 35 CENTS
(Including Wardrobe)
Valuable prizes will be awarded to both gentlemen and ladies wearing the most unique costumes. The judges, hailing from New York and Brooklyn, will select the winners.
How to reach the Hall—From New York take the tunnel to Park Place, Newark, N. J., from the Hudson Terminal, New York City, and walk (South) to Market Street (four blocks) and take trolley "Springfield" to the Hall. Or take Desbrosses and Cortlandt Streets ferry to Jersey City, and take trolley "Plank Road" to Newark, N. J, and pass the Hall.

BARN DANCE
of the
ALPHABET ATHLETIC CLUB
to be held at
TURN HALL
Bet. Hoyt and Bond Sts.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Thanksgiving Eve,
November 25, 1914
at 8:30 sharp
ADMISSION, - 35 CENTS
MUSIC BY PROF. B. HILGEMAN
Prizes to the persons wearing the fanciest costumes for the occasion, and also to the persons, who, by the judges' decisions, are the best dancers.
The Turn Hall can be reached by Broadway or Lenox Subway to Hoyt Street, Brooklyn. Members will be at the Subway Station (outside) to direct those who wish to get to the hall.
ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE
Louis Kerner, *Chairman*
Samuel Paul David Wax
Albert Zwicker Joseph Gabriel
William Staak

Authority of "Society for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf."
BULLETIN
OF THE
Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf
SERVICES at Temple Emanu-El, 5th Avenue, corner 43d Street, every Friday evening, at 8:15 o'clock.
Socials at Y. M. H. A. Building, Corner Lexington Avenue and 92d Street, every Tuesday evening, except where indicated below, mostly free.
"Brooklyn Branch Services" are held at Temple, Putnam Ave. between Reid & Stuyvesant Aves., every Friday evening, 8:15 P.M.

Theo. I. Lounsbury
Book Job and Commercial Printer
Convention Proceedings
Institution Reports
Institution Stationery
Society and Church Work
204 East 59th Sts.
NEW YORK
ALPHABET CARDS.
50 Cards, with name, .50
100 " " " .60
200 " " " 1.10
50 Cards, without name .25
100 " " " .50
200 " " " 1.00
EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.
50 Cards (no alphabets).
100 " "
Cash in advance. Stamps preferred Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries, or for sample.
Theodore I. Lounsbury,
204 East 59th Street.

Help Wanted.
FIRST CLASS Housekeeper and General Worker, good wages and pleasant surroundings. References exchanged. Lowry, R. F. D., Bethesda, Md.